Milk And Honey

by

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Pdf Corner
milk and honey

rupi kaur
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rupi kaur
for
the arms
that hold me
my heart woke me crying last night

*how can i help* i begged

my heart said

*write the book*
contents

the hurting

the loving

the breaking

the healing
a letter
about the writer
about the book
the
hurting
how is it so easy for you
to be kind to people he asked

milk and honey dripped
from my lips as i answered

cause people have not
been kind to me
the first boy that kissed me
held my shoulders down
like the handlebars of
the first bicycle
he ever rode
i was five

he had the smell of
starvation on his lips
which he picked up from
his father feasting on his mother
at 4 a.m.

he was the first boy
to teach me my body was
for giving to those that wanted
that i should feel anything
less than whole

and my god
did i feel as empty
as his mother at 4:25 a.m.
you have been taught your legs are a pit stop for men that need a place to rest a vacant body empty enough for guests but no one ever comes and is willing to stay
it is your blood
in my veins
tell me how i’m
supposed to forget
the therapist places
the doll in front of you
it is the size of girls
your uncles like touching

*point to where his hands were*

you point to the spot
between its legs the one
he fingered out of you
like a confession

*how’re you feeling*

you pull the lump
in your throat out
with your teeth
and say *fine*
*numb really*

- *midweek sessions*
he was supposed to be the first male love of your life you still search for him everywhere

- father
you were so afraid of my voice
i decided to be afraid of it too
she was a rose
in the hands of those
who had no intention
of keeping her
every time you
tell your daughter
you yell at her
out of love
you teach her to confuse
anger with kindness
which seems like a good idea
till she grows up to
trust men who hurt her
cause they look so much
like you

- to fathers with daughters
i’ve had sex she said
but i don’t know
what making love feels like
if i knew what
safety looked like
i would have spent
less time falling into
arms that were not
sex takes the consent of two
if one person is lying there not
doing anything
cause they are not ready
or not in the mood
or simply don’t want to
yet the other is having sex
with their body it’s not love
it is rape
the idea that we are so capable of love but still choose to be toxic
there is no bigger illusion in the world than the idea that a woman will bring dishonor into a home if she tries to keep her heart and her body safe
you pinned
my legs to
the ground
with your feet
and demanded
i stand up
the rape will
tear you
in half

but it
will not
end you
you have sadness
living in places
sadness shouldn’t live
a daughter should not have to beg her father for a relationship
trying to convince myself
i am allowed
to take up space
is like writing with
my left hand
when i was born
to use my right

- the idea of shrinking is
hereditary
you tell me to quiet down cause
my opinions make me less
beautiful
but i was not made with a fire in
my belly
so i could be put out
i was not made with a lightness on
my tongue
so i could be easy to swallow
i was made heavy
half blade and half silk
difficult to forget and not easy
for the mind to follow
he guts her
with his fingers
like he’s scraping
the inside of a
cantaloupe clean
your mother
is in the habit of
offering more love
than you can carry

your father is absent

you are a war
the border between two countries
the collateral damage
the paradox that joins the two
but also splits them apart
emptying out of my mother’s belly
was my first act of disappearance
learning to shrink for a family
who likes their daughters invisible
was the second
the art of being empty
is simple
believe them when they say
you are nothing
repeat it to yourself
like a wish
i am nothing
i am nothing
i am nothing
so often
the only reason you know
you’re still alive is from the
heaving of your chest

- the art of being empty
you look just like your mother

i guess i do carry her
tenderness well

you both have the same eyes

cause we are both
exhausted

and the hands

we share the same wilting
fingers

but that rage your mother doesn’t
wear that anger
you’re right
this rage is the one thing
i get from my father

(homage to warsan shire’s inheritance)
when my mother opens her mouth to have a conversation at dinner my father shoves the word hush between her lips and tells her to never speak with her mouth full this is how the women in my family learned to live with their mouths closed
our knees
pried open
by cousins
and uncles
and men
our bodies touched
by all the wrong people
that even in a bed full of safety
we are afraid
father. you always call to say nothing in particular. you ask what i’m doing or where i am and when the silence stretches like a lifetime between us i scramble to find questions to keep the conversation going. what i long to say most is. i understand this world broke you. it has been so hard on your feet. i don’t blame you for not knowing how to remain soft with me. sometimes i stay up thinking of all the places you are hurting which you’ll never care to mention. i come from the same aching blood. from the same bone so desperate for attention i
collapse in on myself. i am your daughter. i know the small talk is the only way you know how to tell me you love me. cause it is the only way i know how to tell you.
you plough into me with two fingers and i am mostly shocked. it feels like rubber against an open wound. i do not like it. you begin pushing faster and faster. but i feel nothing. you search my face for a reaction so i begin acting like the naked women in the videos you watch when you think no one’s looking. i imitate their moans. hollow and hungry. you ask if it feels good and i say yes so quickly it sounds rehearsed. but the acting. you do not notice.
the thing about having an alcoholic parent is an alcoholic parent does not exist simply an alcoholic who could not stay sober long enough to raise their kids
i can’t tell if my mother is terrified or in love with my father it all looks the same
i flinch when you touch me
i fear it is him
the loving
when my mother was pregnant with her second child i was four i pointed at her swollen belly confused at how my mother had gotten so big in such little time my father scooped me in his tree trunk arms and said the closest thing to god on this earth is a woman’s body it’s where life comes from and to have a grown man tell me something so powerful at such a young age changed me to see the entire universe
rested at my mother’s feet
i struggle so deeply
to understand
how someone can
pour their entire soul
blood and energy
into someone
without wanting
anything in
return

- i will have to wait till i’m a
mother
no
it won’t
be love at
first sight when
we meet it’ll be love
at first remembrance cause
i’ve seen you in my mother’s eyes
when she tells me to marry the type of man I’d want to raise my son to be like.
every revolution
starts and ends
with his lips
what am i to you he asks
i put my hands in his lap
and whisper you
are every hope
i’ve ever had
in human form
my favorite thing about you is your smell
you smell like earth
herbs
gardens
a little more human than the rest of us
i know i
should crumble
for better reasons
but have you seen
that boy he brings
the sun to its
knees every
night
you are the faint line
between faith and
blindly waiting

- letter to my future lover
nothing is safer
than the sound of you
reading out loud to me

- the perfect date
he placed his hands
on my mind
before reaching
for my waist
my hips
or my lips
he didn’t call me
beautiful first
he called me
exquisite

- how he touches me
i am learning
how to love him
by loving myself
he says

i am sorry i am not an easy person
to want

i look at him surprised

who said i wanted easy

i don’t crave easy

i crave goddamn difficult
the very thought of you
has my legs spread apart
like an easel with a canvas
begging for art
i am ready for you
i have always
been
ready for you

- the first time
i do not want to have you
to fill the empty parts of me
i want to be full on my own
i want to be so complete
i could light a whole city
and then
i want to have you
cause the two of us combined
could set it on fire
love will come
and when love comes
love will hold you
love will call your name
and you will melt
sometimes though
love will hurt you but
love will never mean to
love will play no games
cause love knows life
has been hard enough already
i’d be lying if i said
you make me speechless
the truth is you make my
tongue so weak it forgets
what language to speak in
he asks me what i do
i tell him i work for a small company
that makes packaging for—
he stops me midsentence
no not what you do to pay the bills
what drives you crazy
what keeps you up at night

i tell him i write
he asks me to show him something
i take the tips of my fingers
place them inside his forearm
and graze them down his wrist
goose bumps rise to the surface
i see his mouth clench
muscles tighten
his eyes pore into mine
as though i’m the reason
for making them blink
i break gaze just as
he inches toward me
i step back

so that’s what you do
you command attention
my cheeks flush as
i smile shyly
confessing
i can’t help it
you might not have been my first love
but you were the love that made all the other loves irrelevant
you’ve touched me
without even
touching me
how do you turn
a forest fire like me
so soft i turn into
running water
you look like you smell of honey and no pain
let me have a taste of that
your name is the strongest positive and negative connotation in any language it either lights me up or leaves me aching for days
you talk too much
he whispers into my ear
i can think of better ways to use 
that mouth
it’s your voice
that undresses me
my name sounds so good
french kissing your tongue
you wrap your fingers
around my hair
and pull
this
is how you make
music out of me

- foreplay
on days
like this
i need you to
run your fingers
through my hair
and speak softly

- you
i want your hands
to hold
not my hands
your lips
to kiss
not my lips
but other places
i need someone
who knows struggle
as well as i do
someone
willing to hold my feet in their lap
on days it is too difficult to stand
the type of person who gives
exactly what i need
before i even know i need it
the type of lover who hears me
even when i do not speak
is the type of understanding
i demand

- the type of lover i need
you move my hand
between my legs
and whisper
*make those pretty little fingers
dance for me*

- *solo performance*
we’ve been arguing more than we ought to. about things neither of us remember or care about cause that’s how we avoid the bigger questions. instead of asking why we don’t say *i love you* to one another as often as we used to. we fight about things like: who was supposed to get up and turn the lights off first. or who was supposed to pop the frozen pizza in the oven after work. taking hits at the most vulnerable parts of one another. we’re like fingers on thorns honey. we know exactly where it hurts.
and everything is on the table tonight. like that one time you whispered a name i’m pretty sure wasn’t mine in your sleep. or last week when you said you were working late. so i called work but they said you’d already left a couple hours ago. where were you for those couple hours.

i know. i know. your excuses make all the sense in the world. and i get a little carried away for no good reason and eventually begin crying. but what else do you expect baby. i love you so much. i’m sorry i thought you were lying.
that’s when you hold your head with your hands in frustration. half begging me to stop. half tired and sick of it. the toxin in our mouths has burnt holes in our cheeks. we look less alive than we used to. less color in our faces. but don’t kid yourself. no matter how bad it gets we both know you still wanna nail me to the ground.

especially when i’m screaming so loud our fighting wakes the neighbors. and they come running to the door to save us. baby don’t open it.

instead. lie me down. lay me open
like a map. and with your finger trace the places you still want to **** out of me. kiss me like i am the center point of gravity and you are falling into me like my soul is the focal point of yours. and when your mouth is kissing not my mouth but other places. my legs will split apart out of habit. and that’s when. i pull you in. welcome you. home.

when the entire street is looking out their windows wondering what all the commotion is. and the fire trucks come rolling in to save us but they can’t distinguish whether these flames began with our anger
or our passion. i will smile. throw my head back. arch my body like a mountain you want to split in half. baby lick me.

like your mouth has the gift of reading and i’m your favorite book. find your favorite page in the soft spot between my legs and read it carefully. fluently. vividly. don’t you dare leave a single word untouched. and i swear my ending will be so good. the last few words will come. running to your mouth. and when you’re done. take a seat. cause it’s my turn to make music with my knees pressed to the ground.
sweet baby. this. is how we pull language out of one another with the flick of our tongues. this is how we have the conversation. this. is how we make up.

- *how we make up*
the
breaking
i always
get myself
into this mess
i always let him
tell me i am beautiful
and half believe it
i always jump thinking
he will catch me
at the fall
i am hopelessly
a lover and
a dreamer and
that will be the
death of me
when my mother says i deserve better
i snap to your defense out of habit
he still loves me i shout
she looks at me with defeated eyes
the way a parent looks at their child
when they know this is the type of pain
even they can’t fix
and says
it means nothing to me if he loves you
if he can’t do a single wretched thing about it
you were so distant
i forgot you were there at all
you said. if it is meant to be. fate will bring us back together. for a second i wonder if you are really that naive. if you really believe fate works like that. as if it lives in the sky staring down at us. as if it has five fingers and spends its time placing us like pieces of chess. as if it is not the choices we make. who taught you that. tell me. who convinced you. you’ve been given a heart and a mind that isn’t yours to use. that your actions do not define what will become of you. i want to scream and shout it’s us you fool. we’re the only ones that can bring us
back together. but instead i sit quietly. smiling softly through quivering lips thinking. isn’t it such a tragic thing. when you can see it so clearly but the other person doesn’t.
don’t mistake salt for sugar
if he wants to be with you
he will
it’s that simple
he only whispers *i love you*
as he slips his hands
down the waistband
of your pants
	his is where you must understand the difference between want and need you may want that boy but you certainly don’t need him
you were temptingly beautiful
but stung when i got close
the woman who comes after me will be a bootleg version of who i am. she will try and write poems for you to erase the ones i’ve left memorized on your lips but her lines could never punch you in the stomach the way mine did. she will then try to make love to your body. but she will never lick, caress, or suck like me. she will be a sad replacement of the woman you let slip. nothing she does will excite you and this will break her. when she is tired of falling apart for a man that doesn’t give back what he takes she will recognize me in your eyelids staring at her
with pity and it’ll hit her. how can she love a man who is busy loving someone he can never get his hands on again.
the next time you have your coffee black you’ll taste the bitter state he left you in it will make you weep but you’ll never stop drinking you’d rather have the darkest parts of him than have nothing
more than anything
i want to save you
from myself
you have spent enough nights with his manhood curled inside your legs to forget what loneliness feels like
you whisper
*i love you*
what you mean is
*i don’t want you to leave*
that’s the
thing about love
it marinates your lips
till the only word your
mouth remembers
is his name
it must hurt to know
i am your most
beautiful
regret
i didn’t leave because
i stopped loving you
i left because the longer
i stayed the less
i loved myself
you mustn’t have to
make them want you
they must want you themselves
did you think i was a city
big enough for a weekend getaway
i am the town surrounding it
the one you’ve never heard of
but always pass through
there are no neon lights here
no skyscrapers or statues
but there is thunder
for i make bridges tremble
i am not street meat i am
homemade jam
thick enough to cut the sweetest
thing your lips will touch
i am not police sirens
i am the crackle of a fireplace
i’d burn you and you still
couldn’t take your eyes off me
cause i’d look so beautiful doing it
you’d blush
i am not a hotel room i am home
i am not the whiskey you want
i am the water you need
don’t come here with expectations
and try to make a vacation out of me
the one who arrives after you will remind me love is supposed to be soft

he will taste like the poetry i wish i could write
if
he can’t help but
degrade other women
when they’re not looking
if toxicity is central
to his language
he could hold you
in his lap and be soft
honey
that man could feed you sugar and
douse you in rose water
but that still could not
make him sweet

- if you want to know the type of
man he is
i am a museum full of art
but you had your eyes shut
you must have known
you were wrong
when your fingers
were dipped inside me
searching for honey that
would not come for you
the thing
worth holding on to
would not have let go
when you are broken
and he has left you
do not question
whether you were
enough
the problem was
you were so enough
he was not able to carry it
love made the danger in you look like safety
even when you undress her
you are searching for me
i am sorry i
taste so good
when the two of you
make love it is
still my name
that rolls off your
tongue accidently
you treat them like they have a heart like yours but not everyone can be as soft and as tender

you don’t see the person they are you see the person they have the potential to be

you give and give till they pull everything out of you and leave you empty
i had to leave
i was tired of
allowing you to
make me feel
anything less
than whole
you were the most beautiful thing i’d ever felt till now. and i was convinced you’d remain the most beautiful thing i’d ever feel. do you know how limiting that is. to think at such a ripe young age i’d experienced the most exhilarating person i’d ever meet. how i’d spend the rest of my life just settling. to think i’d tasted the rawest form of honey and everything else would be refined and synthetic. that nothing beyond this point would add up. that all the years beyond me could not combine themselves to be sweeter than you.
falsehood
i don’t know what living a balanced life feels like
when i am sad
i don’t cry i pour
when i am happy
i don’t smile i glow
when i am angry
i don’t yell i burn

the good thing about feeling in extremes is
when i love i give them wings
but perhaps that isn’t such a good thing cause they always tend to leave
and you should see me when my heart is broken
i don’t grieve
i shatter
i came all this way
to give you all these things
but you aren’t even looking
the abused and the abuser
- I have been both
i am undoing you
from my skin
it wasn’t you i was kissing — don’t be mistaken

it was him on my mind
your lips were just convenient
it always comes back to you
boils
circles
itches
its way back to you
i was music
but you had your ears cut off
my tongue is sour
from the hunger of
missing you
i will not have you
build me into your life
when
what i want is to
build a life with you

- the difference
rivers fall from my mouth
tears my eyes can’t carry
you are snakeskin
and i keep shedding you somehow
my mind is forgetting
every exquisite detail
of your face
the letting go has
become the forgetting
which is the most
pleasant and saddest thing
to have happened
you were not wrong for leaving
you were wrong for coming back
and thinking
you could have me
when it was convenient
and leave when it was not
how can i write
if he took my hands
with him
neither of us is happy
but neither of us wants to leave
so we keep breaking one another
and calling it love
we began
with honesty
let us end
in it too

- us
your voice
alone
drives me
to tears
i don’t know why
i split myself open
for others knowing
sewing myself up
hurts this much
afterward
people go
but how
they left
always stays
love is not cruel
we are cruel
love is not a game
we have made a game
out of love
how can our love die
if it’s written
in these pages
even after the hurt
the loss
the pain
the breaking
your body is still
the only one
i want to be
undressed under
the night after you left
i woke up so broken
the only place to put the pieces
were the bags under my eyes
stay
i whispered
as you
shut the door behind you
i am confident i am over you. so much that some mornings i wake up with a smile on my face and my hands pressed together thanking the universe for pulling you out of me. thank god i cry. thank god you left. i would not be the empire i am today if you had stayed.

but then.

there are some nights i imagine what i might do if you showed up. how if you walked into the room this very second every awful thing you’ve ever done would be tossed
out the closest window and all the love would rise up again. it would pour through my eyes as if it never really left in the first place. as if it’s been practicing how to stay silent so long only so it could be this loud on your arrival. can someone explain that. how even when the love leaves. it doesn’t leave. how even when i am so past you. i am so helplessly brought back to you.
he isn’t coming back
whispered my head
he has to
sobbed my heart

- wilting
i don’t want to be friends
i want all of you

- more
i am losing parts of you like i lose eyelashes
unknowingly and everywhere
you cannot leave
and have me too
i cannot exist in
two places at once

- when you ask if we can still be friends
i am water
soft enough
to offer life
tough enough
to drown it away
what i miss most is how you loved me. but what i didn’t know was how you loved me had so much to do with the person i was. it was a reflection of everything i gave to you. coming back to me. how did i not see that. how. did i sit here soaking in the idea that no one else would love me that way. when it was i that taught you. when it was i that showed you how to fill. the way i needed to be filled. how cruel i was to myself. giving you credit for my warmth simply because you had felt it. thinking it was you who gave me strength. wit. beauty. simply because you
recognized it. as if i was already not these things before i met you. as if i did not remain all these once you left.
you leave
but you don’t stay gone
why do you do that
why do you
abandon the thing you want to
keep
why do you linger
in a place you do not want to stay
why do you think it’s okay to do
both
go and return all at once
i will tell you about selfish people. even when they know they will hurt you they walk into your life to taste you because you are the type of being they don’t want to miss out on. you are too much shine to not be felt. so when they have gotten a good look at everything you have to offer. when they have taken your skin your hair your secrets with them. when they realize how real this is. how much of a storm you are and it hits them.

that is when the cowardice sets in. that is when the person you
thought they were is replaced by the sad reality of what they are. That is when they lose every fighting bone in their body and leave after saying you will find better than me.

you will stand there naked with half of them still hidden somewhere inside you and sob. asking them why they did it. why they forced you to love them when they had no intention of loving you back and they’ll say something along the lines of i just had to try. i had to give it a chance. it was you after all.
but that isn’t romantic. it isn’t sweet. the idea that they were so engulfed by your existence they had to risk breaking it for the sake of knowing they weren’t the one missing out. your existence meant that little next to their curiosity of you.

that is the thing about selfish people. they gamble entire beings. entire souls to please their own. one second they are holding you like the world in their lap and the next they have belittled you to a mere picture. a moment. something of the past. one second. they swallow you up and whisper
they want to spend the rest of their life with you. but the moment they sense fear. they are already halfway out the door. without having the nerve to let you go with grace. as if the human heart means that little to them.

and after all this. after all of the taking. the nerve. isn’t it sad and funny how people have more guts these days to undress you with their fingers than they do to pick up the phone and call. apologize. for the loss. and this is how you lose her.
- selfish
to do list (after the breakup):

1. take refuge in your bed.
2. cry. till the tears stop (this will take a few days).
3. don’t listen to slow songs.
4. delete their number from your phone even though it is memorized on your fingertips.
5. don’t look at old photos.
6. find the closest ice cream shop and treat yourself to two scoops of mint chocolate chip. the mint will calm your heart. you deserve the chocolate.
7. buy new bed sheets.
8. collect all the gifts, t-shirts, and everything with their smell on it
and drop it off at a donation center.

9. plan a trip.

10. perfect the art of smiling and nodding when someone brings their name up in conversation.

11. start a new project.

12. whatever you do. do not call.

13. do not beg for what does not want to stay.

14. stop crying at some point.

15. allow yourself to feel foolish for believing you could’ve built the rest of your life in someone else’s stomach.

16. breathe.
the way they leave tells you everything
the
healing
perhaps
i don’t deserve
nice things
cause i am paying
for sins i don’t
remember
the thing about writing is
i can’t tell if it’s healing
or destroying me
do not bother holding on to that thing that does not want you

- you cannot make it stay
you must enter a relationship with yourself before anyone else
accept that you deserve more than painful love
life is moving
the healthiest thing for your heart is
to move with it
it is a part of the human experience to feel pain. do not be afraid. open yourself to it.

- evolving
loneliness is a sign you are in desperate need of yourself
you are in the habit of co-depending on people to make up for what you think you lack

who tricked you into believing another person was meant to complete you when the most they can do is complement
do not look for healing
at the feet of those
who broke you
if you were born with the weakness to fall
you were born with the strength to rise
perhaps the saddest of all are those who live waiting for someone they’re not sure exists

- 7 billion people
stay strong through your pain
grow flowers from it
you have helped me
grow flowers out of mine so
bloom beautifully
dangerously
loudly
bloom softly
however you need
just bloom

- to the reader
i thank the universe for taking everything it has taken and giving to me everything it is giving

- balance
it takes grace
to remain kind
in cruel situations
fall
in love
with your solitude
there is a difference between someone telling you they love you and them actually loving you
sometimes
the apology
never comes
when it is wanted

and when it comes
it is neither wanted
nor needed

- you are too late
you tell me
i am not like most girls
and learn to kiss me with your
eyes closed
something about the phrase—
something about
how i have to be unlike the women
i call sisters in order to be wanted
makes me want to spit your
tongue out
like i am supposed to be proud
you picked me
as if i should be relieved you think
i am better than them
the next time he points out the hair on your legs is growing back remind that boy your body is not his home he is a guest warn him to never outstep his welcome again
to be
soft
is
to be
powerful
you deserve to be completely found in your surroundings not lost within them
i know it’s hard
believe me
i know it feels like
tomorrow will never come
and today will be the most
difficult day to get through
but i swear you will get through
the hurt will pass
as it always does
if you give it time and
let it so let it
go
slowly
like a broken promise
let it go
i like the way the stretch marks on my thighs look human and that we’re so soft yet rough and jungle wild when we need to be i love that about us how capable we are of feeling how unafraid we are of breaking and tend to our wounds with grace just being a woman calling myself a woman makes me utterly whole and complete
my issue with what they consider beautiful is their concept of beauty centers around excluding people. I find hair beautiful when a woman wears it like a garden on her skin, that is the definition of beauty. Big hooked noses pointing upward to the sky like they’re rising to the occasion. Skin the color of earth my ancestors planted crops on to feed a lineage of women with thighs thick as tree trunks. Eyes like almonds.
deeply hooded with conviction
the rivers of punjab
flow through my bloodstream so
don’t tell me my women
aren’t as beautiful
as the ones in
your country
our backs
tell stories
no books have
the spine to
carry

-women of color
accept yourself
as you were designed
your body
is a museum
of natural disasters
can you grasp how
stunning that is
losing you
was the becoming
of myself
other women’s bodies
are not our battlegrounds
removing all the hair off your body is okay if that’s what you want to do just as much as keeping all the hair on your body is okay if that’s what you want to do

- you belong only to yourself
apparently it is ungraceful of me to mention my period in public cause the actual biology of my body is too real

it is okay to sell what’s between a woman’s legs more than it is okay to mention its inner workings

the recreational use of this body is seen as beautiful while its nature is seen as ugly
you were a dragon long before he came around and said you could fly

you will remain a dragon long after he’s left
i want to apologize to all the women
i have called pretty
before i’ve called them intelligent or brave
i am sorry i made it sound as though
something as simple as what you’re born with
is the most you have to be proud of when your spirit has crushed mountains
from now on i will say things like you are resilient or you are extraordinary
not because i don’t think you’re pretty
but because you are so much more than that
i have
what i have
and i am happy

i’ve lost
what i’ve lost
and i am
still
happy

- outlook
you look at me and cry

everything hurts

i hold you and whisper

but everything can heal
if the hurt comes
so will the happiness

- be patient
we are all born
so beautiful

the greatest tragedy is
being convinced we are not
the name kaur
makes me a free woman
it removes the shackles that
try to bind me
uplifts me
to remind me i am equal to
any man even though the state
of this world screams to me i am not
that i am my own woman and
i belong wholly to myself
and the universe
it humbles me
calls out and says i have a
universal duty to share with
humanity to nurture
and serve the sisterhood
to raise those that need raising
the name kaur runs in my blood
it was in me before the word itself existed
it is my identity and my liberation

- kaur

a woman of sikh
the world gives you so much pain and here you are making gold out of it
- there is nothing purer than that
how you love yourself is how you teach others to love you
my heart aches for sisters more than anything
it aches for women helping women
like flowers ache for spring
the goddess between your legs makes mouths water
you
are your own
soul mate
some people are so bitter
to them you must be kindest
we all move forward when we recognize how resilient and striking the women around us are
for you to see beauty here
does not mean
there is beauty in me
it means there is beauty rooted
so deep within you
you can’t help but
see it everywhere
hair
if it was not supposed to be there
would not be growing
on our bodies in the first place

- we are at war with what comes
most naturally to us
most importantly love
like it’s the only thing you know how
at the end of the day all this means nothing
this page
where you’re sitting
your degree
your job
the money
nothing even matters except love and human connection
who you loved
and how deeply you loved them
how you touched the people around you
and how much you gave them
i want to remain so rooted to the ground these tears these hands these feet sink in

- grounded
you have to stop searching for why at some point you have to leave it alone
if you are not enough for yourself
you will never be enough
for someone else
you must
want to spend
the rest of your life
with yourself
first
of course i want to be successful but i don’t crave success for me i need to be successful to gain enough milk and honey to help those around me succeed
my heartbeat quickens at the thought of birthing poems which is why i will never stop opening myself up to conceive them
the lovemaking to the words is so erotic i am either in love or in lust with the writing or both
what terrifies me most is how we foam at the mouth with envy when others succeed but sigh in relief when they are failing

our struggle to celebrate each other is what’s proven most difficult in being human
your art
is not about how many people
like your work
your art
is about
if your heart likes your work
if your soul likes your work
it’s about how honest
you are with yourself
and you
must never
trade honesty
for relatability

- to all you young poets
give to those
who have nothing
to give to you

- seva (selfless service)
you split me open
in the most honest
way there is
to split a soul open
and forced me to write
at a time i was sure i
could not write again

- thank you
you have made it to the end. with my heart in your hands. thank you. for arriving here safely. for being tender with the most delicate part of me. sit down. breathe. you must be tired. let me kiss your hands. your eyes. they must be wanting of something sweet. i am sending you all my sugar. i would be nowhere and nothing if it were not for you. you’ve helped me become the woman i wanted to be. but was too afraid to be. do you have any idea how much of a miracle you are. how lovely it’s been. and how lovely it will always be. i am kneeling before you. saying thank
you. i am sending my love to your eyes. may they always see goodness in people. and may you always practice kindness. may we see each other as one. may we be nothing short of in love with everything the universe has to offer. and may we always stay grounded. rooted. our feet planted firmly onto the earth.

- a love letter from me to you
rupi kaur is a writer and artist based in toronto, canada. throughout her poetry and illustrations she engages with themes of love, loss, trauma, healing, and femininity. she shares her writing with the world as a means to create a safe space for progressive healing and forward movement. her creative direction and photography have broken international boundaries and have since made it into galleries, magazines, and spaces around the world. when she is not writing or creating other art, she is traveling to perform spoken word, as well
as hosting writing workshops. you can find more of her work at:
www.rupikaur.com

- about the writer
milk and honey is a collection of poetry about love, loss, trauma, abuse, healing, and femininity. It is split into four chapters, each chapter serves a different purpose, deals with a different pain, heals a different heartache. milk and honey takes readers through a journey of the most bitter moments in life.
and finds sweetness in them because there is sweetness everywhere if you are just willing to look

- *about the book*
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